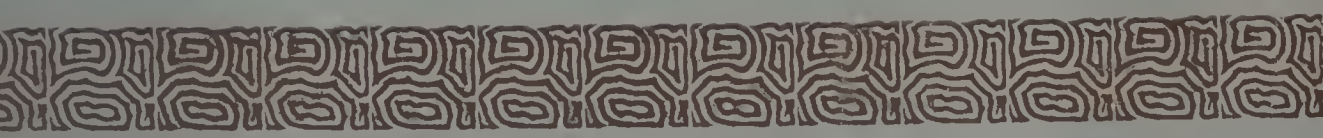


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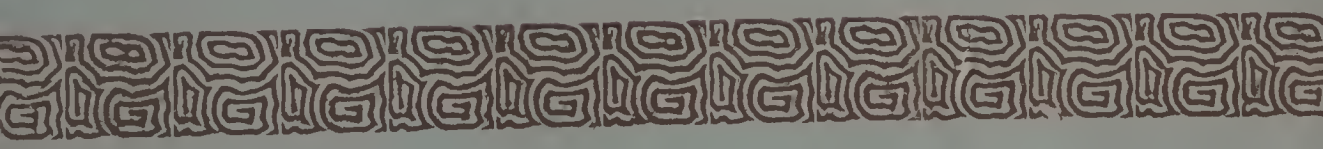


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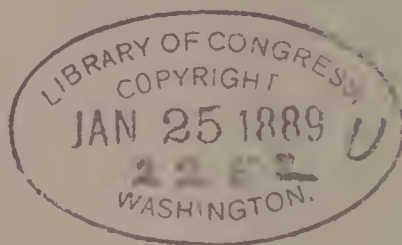
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Y^E HATCHET PARTIE

— AND —

OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.



MARY H. MATHER,

SUPERINTENDENT OF DEPARTMENT OF ENTERTAINMENTS, N. W. C. T. U.

PRICE, - - - \$.15.

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Y^E HATCHET PARTIE.

[*For the celebration of Washington's birthday.*]

[CHARACTERS: Ye Hatchet Familie. The Hatchets are dressed in old-fashioned costume, and each one carries a pasteboard hatchet in her right hand, the head resting on her shoulder with the sharp edge pointing toward her comrade in the rear. They enter at left of room, and, with profiles to audience, march around to the flag-draped chairs placed in a row for them. They keep step to the music of a lively march, courtesying at regular intervals. With each courtesy every Hatchet brings her pasteboard hatchet down with a quick motion from her shoulder and then returns it to place again. With a final courtesy they take their places in order on the chairs, and the leader, Georgiana Washington Hatchet, makes her address as follows:]

Sisters and brothers in this broad land of Columbia, we greet you to-night in memory of one, scholar, soldier and statesman, whose natal day we are now gathered to celebrate. He is one whose record will descend throughout all ages, whose name will echo throughout the centuries as—

[Georgiana turns with a gesture of command to the other Hatchets, who rise and repeat in chorus, with a strong accent on the word "first":]

"George Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

G.—Right, noble Hatchets! You are worthy of your hatchet ancestor, whose fame will never grow dull, however blunt its edge; that ancestor, which, wielded by the skillful hand of the future warrior, worked the ruin of which, perchance, you may have heard.

And we are here to-night as witnesses not only of the deed of that famous chopper, but we are here as

the Historic Scriveners of other deeds, enacted by other choppers in other climes, or, in the poetical words of my sisters —

[Hatchets rise and repeat:]

“As Washington the Sapling cut
In 1743,
So others oft have tried to chop
The great Intemperance Tree.”

G.—Of different natures, tastes and dispositions, we are all united in the common desire to recount truly all facts relating to the chopping down of the huge tree of Intemperance.

For myself, my name declares my character — Georgiana Washington Hatchet, Eldest of Scriveners, native of Washington Territory, lover of cherries.

[Georgiana holds up a small bunch of artificial cherries and gazes at them admiringly for a moment.]

Influenced, it may be, by the air of our native clime, we received the names that have gained for us the title of the “Presidentia,” for we are —

Johanna Adams Hatchet,
Tomazine Jefferson Hatchet,
Jamesina Madison Hatchet,
Jemima Monroe Hatchet,
J. Quinciana Adams Hatchet,
Andrewsia Jackson Hatchet,
Wilhemina Henrietta Harrison Hatchet,
Johnesetta Tyler Hatchet,
Marty Van Buren Hatchet,
Jinny Keturah Polk Hatchet,
Zacherina Taylor Hatchet,
Millarella Fillmore Hatchet.

[As Georgiana mentions each name the Hatchet rises and courtesies. Andrewsia does this in a very slow and sorrowful manner, and otherwise takes no part in the responses. She sits silent and sad,—occasionally wiping away a tear of grief. Georgiana continues:]

I was left at an early age in charge of my smaller

sisters, and even then, discovering the aptitude of my now historical relatives, I resolved that each should receive the training and education necessary to her complete mental development. This, by untold care and perseverance, after years of labor, has been accomplished, and to-night I can present to you my renowned sisters thoroughly equipped as statisticians and musicians devoted to their work. Of their ability you must now be the judge, as I question them concerning that which they have learned.

1. When was the need of Temperance chopping first felt in America?

Wilhemina Harrison.—One hundred years ago.

2. Who was the pioneer in the work?

Jamesina Madison.—Dr. Benjamin Rush.

3. When was the first local society organized?

Femima Monroe.—In 1808.

4. When was the first general society organized?

Tomazine Jefferson.—In 1826.

5. What was its name?

Marty Van Buren.—The American Temperance Society.

6. What was the hatchet used?

Johanna Adams.—Total abstinence from ardent spirits only.

7. What did the choppers find to be the matter with this hatchet?

Finny Keturah.—It had too short a handle.

8. What hatchet was then tried?

Wilhemina Harrison.—Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, including wine, cider and malt liquors.

9. When was this hatchet first tried?

Miliarella Fillmore.—In 1823.

10. When did the cold water armies begin to chop?

Zacherina Taylor.—In 1836.

11. What was the name of the next well-known chopping organization?

All.—The Washingtonian Society.

12. When and where was it started?

Jamesina Madison.—In 1840, in the city of Baltimore.

13. Who were the next choppers?

Tomazine Jefferson.—The Sons of Temperance.

14. When did they first attack the tree?

F. Quinciana.—In 1847.

15. Who were next induced to become choppers?

All.—The children.

16. What were their chopping organizations called?

Femina Monroe.—Bands of Hope.

17. When did they strike their first blows in America?

Finny Keturah.—In 1855.

18. Where?

Fohanna Adams.—In the City of New York.

19. When did the women of the land begin to aid in the work?

Marty Van Buren.—In 1873, under the inspiration of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, of Ohio.

20. How many choppers belong to their organization?

All.—About two hundred thousand.

21. Who are the last workers who have taken up the hatchet of total abstinence?

All.—The young women.

22. How many of them are pledged to the work?

All.—More than thirty thousand.

23. Have they a chopping society in this city?

All.—They have! They have! They have!

24. What is it called?

All.—The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union.

25. What is the song they sometimes sing?

[Hatchets rise and sing to air, "Balm of Gilead:"]

There's a great tree growing o'er us,
Chop it down! chop it down!

There's a great tree growing o'er us,
Chop it down!

There's a great tree growing o'er us,
It is standing right before us,
Chop it down! chop it down!

Chop it down! down! down!

Take a hatchet, hatchet —

Take a hatchet, hatchet —

Take a hatchet —

And help us chop it down.

[During these last three lines the hatchets are extended handlewise to the audience, and then turned to point to the letters Y. W. C. T. U., which should occupy a prominent place in the decorations. The following lines are then sung, completing the song.]

Y.— W.— C.— T.— U.

Y.— W.— C.— T.— U.

Y.— W.— C.— T.— U.

We'll chop the great tree down.

[Chopping gestures during last line.]

Georgiana.— Enough. Ye have shown, I think, that the chopping has been going on for many years. Of late, there has been much troublesome discussion concerning the so-called implements to be used in the work. Tomazine Jefferson Hatchet will now favor you with a song called "The Hatchets of To-day," setting forth our views in regard to the matter.

[Tomazine sings. Air — "The Poco's Daughter."]

A hatchet leans with polished top
Upon a bench within a shop,
Announcing, "Warranted to chop
On shortest notice given."

And many people passing by,
"Expediency!" in chorus cry,

“High License now, and by and by
To RIGHT men will be driven.”

[Chorus by Hatchets.]

O men and maidens, keep your eye
On that dull hatchet old and sly,
Or you'll be sorry, by and by,
Approval you have given.

Another hatchet, bright and keen,
Near by the other one is seen;
But, standing straight, it neither leans,
Nor guarantees perfection.
Yet many people firmly say
That branches huge will fall, the day
That Prohibition gets its way
And gives to right — protection.

[Chorus by all.]

O men and maidens, keep your eye
On that sharp hatchet young and spry,
Or you'll be sorry, by and by,
It was not your selection.

Georgia.—Let us now in connection with this thought have “The Song of the Future,” when the chopping shall be done in the right way.

[Song by all. Air — “Fra Diavolo.”]

The festal year has come,
And brightly beams the morning:
The sun peeps forth afresh,
Our festal year adorning.
Hurrah! hurrah! the festal year has come!
Hurrah! hurrah! the festal year has come!
Temp'rance, temp'rance, tra-la-la-la,
Temp'rance, temp'rance, tra-la-la-la,
Temp'rance, temp'rance, tra-la-la-la,
The festal year has come.

We hear the chop, the chop, the chop,
The choppity, choppity, chop.

[Chopping heard without.]

The Prohibition hatchet,
The Prohibition hatchet,
We hear the chop, the chop, the chop,
The choppity, choppity, chop—
The Prohibition Hatchet
Coming down the stairs.

[Enter little boy dressed in Continental costume, and carrying a huge wooden hatchet bearing the word "Prohibition" in big red letters. He waves the hatchet in time to the music. All sing. Air, "Japanese Young Man," from "Patience."]

A jolly young chopper is he,
A keen little chopper, you see.
Prohibition forever
Will certainly sever
The trunk of the troublesome tree,
The trunk of the troublesome tree,
The trunk of the troublesome tree.
Prohibition forever
Will certainly sever
The trunk of the troublesome tree.

[The young Prohibition takes his stand by Georgiana.]

Georgiana.—It always puts the Hatchet Family in a good humor to sing that song, and so I always have them sing it before I ask for the next number of the program ; for there is one member of the family who is possessed of a most gloomy disposition; in fact, she is never known to smile. *That* Hatchet has lost her temper, and is, therefore, dull to all the joy and sympathy of life. Yes, Andrewsia Jackson Hatchet lost her temper on a memorable day just nine years ago—a day and event never to be forgotten. The story is a sad one, fraught with pain. [*Hatchets weep.*] On that fatal day, Andrewsia, in exploring the archives of a distant country, found among them a story which

so touched the edge of her mind that indignation henceforth reigned. Weep again, sisters, over this sad fate. Her temper is entirely lost! The only comfort that she now finds in life — strange as it may seem to those who have not the heart of a Hatchet — is in the reading of this same sad legend. Permit her, then, to indulge in this sorrowful pleasure.

[Andrewsia reads.]

THE LEGEND OF ZEE.

Once on a time in the land of Zee,
There reigned a queen of benignant will,
Who gazed askance at a terrible tree
Which grew and budded and grew — until
It shadowed the country of golden Zee.

And thousands perished beneath the shade
Of the poisonous leaves of attractive hue,
And a thousand homes in the dust were laid,
But the great tree budded and grew and grew;
No growth of its branches stopped or stayed.

But the ruler of Zee awoke at last
To the danger threat'ning the happy land,
And messengers rode through the country vast,
Summoning all at the queen's command;
“A need for choppers” — the word ran fast.

They came from the eastern shores of rest,
They journeyed down from the frigid north,
They left the g'eams of the golden west,
From the warm south-land they ventured forth,
Obeying their ruler's strange behest,

Till they stood at last by the palace side,
And gazed at the great old tree of gray,
And felt the gloom of the shadows wide
Which barred the sunshine of gladsome day;
Then, one by one, they turned away.

And some of them said, "What help are we
In a work that can never be carried through?
We do not water the wretched tree,
Or help its growing — what more to do?
Our queen is foolish — she does not see."

And others declared, "We can but shrink
From a step like this that affects one so;
We really must have some time to think,
But, if we decide, we will let you know."
They vanished — letting the green tree grow.

And some found fault with the hatchets used,
And declined to chop till they all agreed;
And others all chopping in scorn refused.
So the shadows grew darker beneath the tree,
Till there vanished forever all light in Zee.

Georgiana.—Do you wonder any longer at the sadness of our sister? Yet there is one great consolation, for the story is but a legend of a *distant* region. In the annals of these enlightened times there are names of scores of brave choppers, who, no matter what hatchet is being used by the community in which they dwell, do not hesitate to grasp the hatchet of Total Abstinence and go to work with all zeal. Tell us, now, of some of these brave choppers.

[Cries of "Gough," "Cuyler," "Dodge," "Willard," "Rush," etc.]

In your zeal you are confusing. Can you not tell me in more orderly fashion; or, better still, let us have Marty Van Buren's favorite song.

[Air—"Here We Meet as Temperance Children."]

Now we'll sing of Total Abstainers,
Now we'll sing of Total Abstainers,
Now we'll sing of Total Abstainers,
Father Mathew heads the list.

CHORUS:—Bain and Cuyler, Fisk and Farrar,
 Dow and Jewett, Rush and Reynolds,
 Murphy, Gough and Frances Willard,
 She's the last but not the least.

If you like our Total Abstiners,
 If you like our Total Abstiners,
 If you like our Total Abstiners,
 Let us add your name to these.

CHORUS:—Bain and Cuyler, Fisk and Farrar,
 Dow and Jewett, Rush and Reynolds,
 Murphy, Gough and Frances Willard,
 Still there's room enough for more.

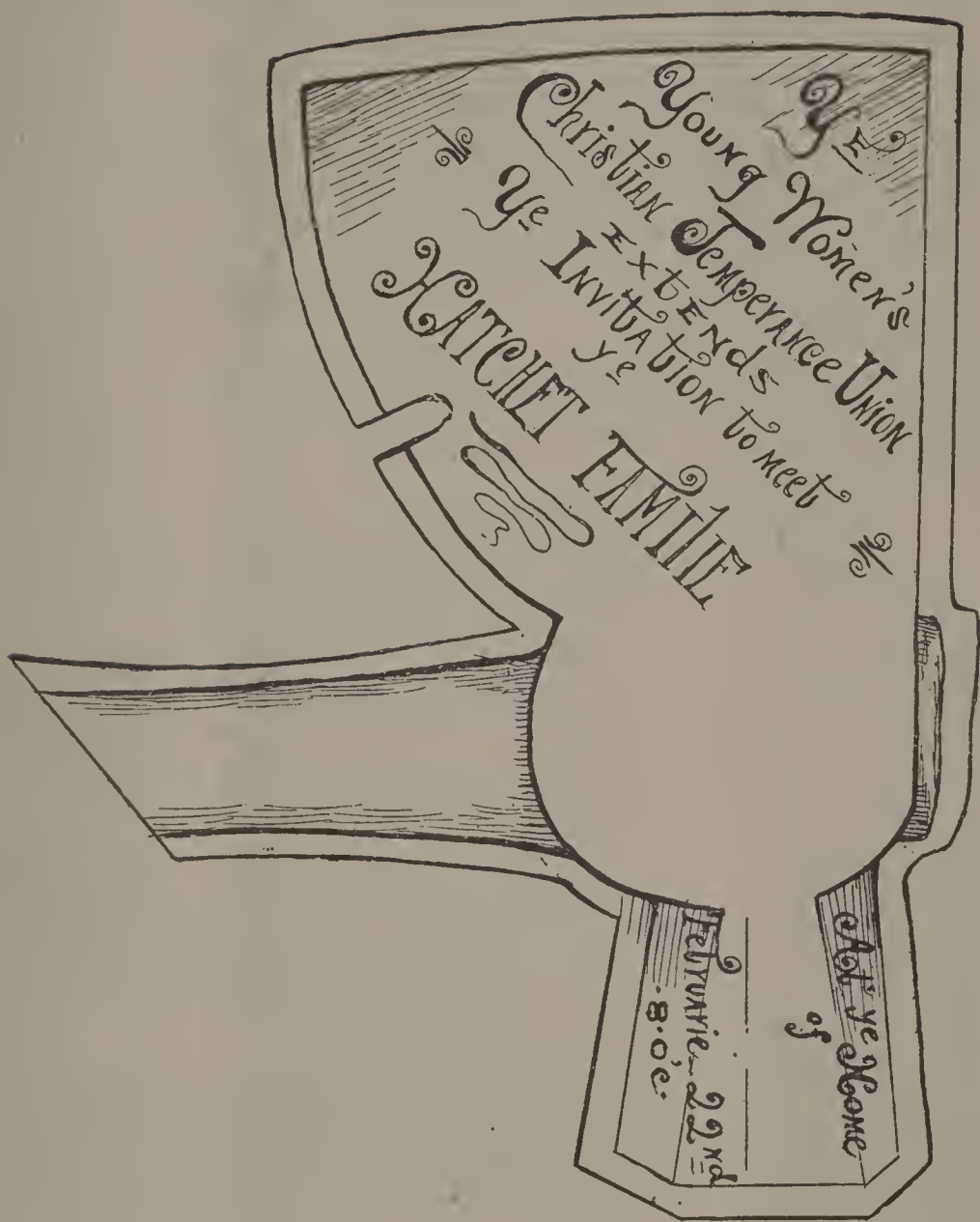
[Air — "Glasses Upside Down."]
 At home, abroad, by night or day,
 In country or in town,
 If asked to chop, don't smile and turn
 Your hatchet upside down.

CHORUS:—*Don't* turn your hatchet upside down,
 Don't turn your hatchet upside down,
 If asked to chop, don't smile and turn
 Your hatchet upside down.

Georgiana.— But now, after all has been said and sung, lest any of you may still think that the ranks are full, and that there is not a chance to become a chopper in this very vicinity, we will now assure you of the contrary in our "Song of the Y:"

[Air — "There is a Tavern in This Town."]
 There are some choppers in this town
 Who very often sit them down
 To plan and scheme, and think and plot
 How best to manage and to chop.

CHORUS:—
 Fare you well, for we must leave you.
 Do not let the parting grieve you,



Young Women's
Christian Temperance Union
Ye extends
ye Invitation to meet

HATCHET FAMILY

of ye Home

February 22nd
8.00

But remember that the best of friends must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We can no longer stay with you;
We've told you here of this great Intemperance tree,
And now we leave the rest with thee.

These choppers now have need of you
To help them see this chopping through;
So don't, we pray, this urgent want deny,
But with their need at once comply.

[Chorus, during which the Hatchets march out, each courtesying at door of exit.]

[If the Hatchet Party is given as a "social," appropriate invitations can be issued in the form of a hatchet, as follows.

The decorations should conform to the spirit of the evening. A large hatchet, covered with white curled tissue paper, may be hung in the hall. Placques of little red, white and blue hatchets may take the place of flowers, and in the hall or reception room there should be a table of "Souvenirs." These should be little bronzed hatchets with the letters Y. W. C. T. U. on one side. Their handles should be tied with narrow ribbon—red, white and blue—and each guest should be allowed to select his color. Thus everybody has the opportunity offered to him of becoming a member by selecting the white ribbon, and in this way everybody is compelled to "show his colors."

If simple refreshments are served, let the Japanese napkins have a big hatchet gilded on them, and let there be some plates of hatchet cookies, formed by the cutter that any tinsmith will make from a pattern.]

Chips from the Choppers.

Through the wisdom of our Y's and the kindness of correspondents of the *Oak and Ivy Leaf* we are enabled to add to the original "Partie" several suggestions from Y Unions that have used the exercise.

(1) The "Familie" was enlarged by the introduction of Abrahamia Lincoln Hatchet, who was the pianist. Ruthie B. Hayes, also an additional member of the "Familie," gave a brief genealogy of our proud ancestral tree in the following verses:

When lived the lad, George Washington,
Brimful of glee and boyish fun,
What instrument his great fame won?
Just a little hatchet!

When Jack, the Giant Killer bold,
The beanstalk climbed in days of old,
What killed the giant—won his gold?
A hitchety, hatchety hatchet!

When we attack this mighty tree,
That spreads its shade o'er you and me,
What shall the deadly weapon be?
A Prohibition hatchet!

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft aglee." Alas! what then?
Why—lay another plan again,
Then go to work and hatch-et.

The "Song of the Choppers" was given by two little girls representing Ruthie B. Hayes and Francesca Cleveland. The first two lines were changed to,

Oh! jolly young choppers are we,
Keen little choppers, you see,
and this stanza was added,

What kind of choppers are you?
 Are you choppers courageous and true?
 Do you know it's your mission
 To vote Prohibition?
 Is that what you're going to do?
 Is that what you're going to do?
 Is that what you're going to do?
 Do you know it's your mission
 To vote Prohibition?
 Is that what you're going to do?

Francesca Cleveland then recited the selection
 "Ground Out by a Crank," after which "Hatchets
 Upside Down" was sung, with this additional stanza,

And now that we have come to you,
 Don't greet us with a frown,
 Don't crush our hopes at a single blow,
 With hatchets upside down.

(2) GROUND OUT BY A CRANK.

I'd rather be dumb
 And always mum
 Than pray like some,
 "Thy kingdom come,"
 Then vote for rum.

I'd rather be blind
 And often maligned,
 And speak my mind,
 Than be behind
 An age of this kind.

I'd rather be frank
 And called a "crank,"
 Not known at the bank,
 Than stand on a plank
 Both rotten and rank.

The cranks of to-day
Have come to stay,
To vote and pray,
In the self-same way,
Till they turn the day.

The crank is bold,
Like Daniel of old;
When put into hold,
The lions, we're told,
Were badly sold.

No wonder, I own,
He was left alone,
Composed, as is known,
Like cranks full grown,
Of grit and backbone.

(3) The program was in two parts, the first consisting of music and recitations, one of the novel features being a speech on "Cranks" coming through a chain pump. Nine "Hatchets" were added in the following order: Francena Pierce Hatchet, Jemima Buchanan Hatchet, Abrahama Lincoln Hatchet, Andrusia Johnson Hatchet, Ursula S. Grant Hatchet, Ruthby Hayes Hatchet, Jamesetta Garfield Hatchet, Chetty Arthur Hatchet, Groverella Cleveland Hatchet.

(4) The Y's have preceded their "Partie" with a debate upon the question: Resolved, That Constitutional Prohibition is the most effective method of suppressing the evil of intemperance.

(5) The "Grand Hatchet Drill," was superintended by the captain of the military company. That the drill might be more attractive, the young ladies wore costumes alike—black dresses, made in ancient style, and white caps and neckerchiefs—with the exception of

Georgiana, who was dressed in white. The souvenirs were small wooden hatchets prettily painted with sprays of flowers and cherries. A card, attached to the hatchet by means of a bow of white ribbon, had choice temperance sentiments written on one side.

(6) A special feature of the souvenir hatchets was the quotations painted on them, whose author had to be guessed before a purchase could be effected.

(7) A "ROUND" FOR AN ENCORE.

Air—"Scotland's Burning."
 Whiskey's going! Whiskey's going!
 Chop on! Chop on!
 Everybody, everybody,
 Come and join our chopping party!

(8) ANOTHER ENCORE.

Air—"We won't go home till morning."
 We'll always remember each other,
 We'll always remember each other,
 We'll always remember each other,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHORUS:—Y. W. C. T. U.,
 Y. W. C. T. U.,
 We'll always remember each other,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHORUS:—Y. W. C. T. U.,
 Y. W. C. T. U.,
 We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

We mean to secure Prohibition,
 We mean to secure Prohibition,
 We mean to secure Prohibition,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHORUS:—Y. W. C. T. U.,
 Y. W. C. T. U.,
 We mean to secure Prohibition,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

And we'll never give up till we conquer,
 We'll never give up till we conquer,
 We'll never give up till we conquer,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHORUS:—Y. W. C. T. U.,
 Y. W. C. T. U.,
 We'll never give up till we conquer,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

[If a longer program is desired, use the following, from the "Young Crusader," as a "chalk talk."]

THE ENCHANTED TREE.

In a country a hundred miles south of the south pole, and about the same distance west of the equator, there grew a great many beautiful flowers, vines and shrubs; and besides these, the country was noted for its stately trees, sheltering myriads of sweet songsters. Some of these trees bore delicious fruit; others made such a cool, pleasant shade in the heat of summer that weary travelers stopped to rest beneath their branches, and went on their way greatly refreshed. Some were evergreens, and remained beautiful all winter, among the snowy hills and icy plains.

But there was one remarkable tree in the land, quite different from all the others. Now the people of this country would have been very happy had it not been for this tree. It was the cause of a great deal of trouble and suffering. Far above the tops of the others,



above the highest church steeples—some said even to the clouds—rose this monster tree, and the branches grew so thick and spread so far that it cast a dense shade over all the land. Indeed, some of the families living beneath it could hardly see the sunshine.

But, worse than this, the tree was enchanted. Its hollow trunk was the home of a wicked and powerful giant. I will not tell you his name, but see if you are bright enough to guess it when the story is finished.

The only way to conquer this enemy was to destroy or cut down this tree. But no one had yet been able to do this. It was clear, however, that something must be done, for this is what happened again and again: Unless provided with a certain magic talisman, all who ventured very near the giant's home fell into his power and became his slaves. This, you must understand, was terrible, for their cruel master always loaded them with heavy chains which they could never shake off, and sent them out into the world to work for him. Ah, such cruel, wicked work as they were compelled to do! Destroying property, taking lives, and bringing misery to their dear ones and themselves. Such was the fate of many unfortunate captives.

Many people were so foolish that they refused to wear these talismans, though they were furnished freely by a good fairy to all who would take them. But these reckless ones said, "What is the use? We are safe enough without them. We can take care of ourselves. It is a great pity if we cannot keep out of the giant's clutches without the aid of a fairy's gift." And it *was* a pity; but in spite of their boasting, many who would not accept the magic charm bore, sooner or later, the chains of the giant.

There was one reason why some valued the tree, in spite of its evil power, and did not wish it destroyed. Every year, when the autumn winds swept through the huge branches, there would fall a shower of nuts.

These nuts were very unlike others, for they were of solid gold. Of course they brought a high price, and the money, used in various ways, seemed to make the country richer. Mind, I say only *seemed*, for really the people were growing poorer every year. How could it be otherwise when the giant would rob his victims of all that they had, till they were so poor that they were unable to provide for themselves or their families?

At last the king of this country called a council of his wisest men, to decide what could be done to get rid of the cruel monster who caused such trouble. When the council had gathered in the palace, the king said:

"I have been trying all my life to make my subjects happy: I have caused churches and school-houses to be built in great numbers, that my people might be well educated and taught to choose good lives rather than evil ones. I have bestowed gifts of food and money upon the poor, that their sufferings might be relieved. I have done, in short, all that lay in my power to make my country a happy and prosperous one, but I find that this wicked giant thwarts all my plans. I must now call upon my true and faithful subjects to aid me in the overthrow of this enemy. Who can suggest a way to conquer him?"

"I can, your majesty," said one of the learned men, confidently. "We all understand that the only way to prevent the ruin of our country is to check the further growth of the dangerous tree. It would not be wise to cut it down altogether, even were it possible, for then we should lose the annual crop of golden nuts; but let every man provide himself with a hatchet, and proceed to cut away all the decayed branches within reach. This will so cripple and injure the tree that much of its power for evil will be gone."

"It shall be tried," declared the king, and as his word was law, every man armed himself with a hatchet, and fell to work.

Now, these hatchets, although the best to be found, were not strong and sharp enough for the tough wood. Many of them became very dull, and much time was lost in sharpening them. Still, in spite of this difficulty, the workers managed to cut away a large number of the decayed limbs. Then they paused and pointed with pride to their work, saying, "See how we have crippled the tree!"

But the giant, overhearing them, only said, with a grim chuckle, "We shall see."

In a short time the poor people who had been so proud of their work were astonished and dismayed to find the tree branching out more thickly than before. Instead of the decayed branches that had been cut away there grew out strong, sound ones which did much more harm, as they soon grew to reach farther, and the giant captured more slaves than ever before among the young people of the land. His power increased with the growth of the tree.

The people were disgusted with Dr. Highlie's plan, finding that it worked so badly. The king also was displeased, and called another council. Plan after plan was proposed for weakening the giant's power without losing the golden nuts. None seemed effectual. At last it was thought best to *let the golden nuts go* and try to cut down the tree itself. "For of what use are the golden nuts," argued a thoughtful, white-haired man, "while our country is becoming poorer and more wretched every year, through the giant's wicked enchantments?"

And the people, grown wiser, concluded to cut down the tree. Arming themselves this time with strong axes, instead of flimsy hatchets, they set to work. Blow after blow fell upon the heavy bark of the tree trunk, until the giant trembled with fear.

"The tree will soon be down!" shouted a young man, joyfully. But alas! not yet. When the crafty giant found that this time he was in real danger, he at

once set about protecting himself. The workers all wore the fairy talisman, therefore he could not touch them; but he could hinder their work, and, watching his chance, he stole their axes while they were eating their lunch.

This was a serious hindrance, for the axes had been procured with some difficulty, as the factory which produced them, belonging to the firm of "Local Brothers," was closed much of the time. Hence there was great delay in getting new tools; and meanwhile the giant made haste to thicken and strengthen the bark of the tree by every device in his power.

At last came the fresh supply of axes, and the men went bravely to work again, determined to take better care of their tools in future. So thick and tough was the bark that it was only on certain parts of the trunk that they could make any impression. They hoped to succeed in time, but found it slow work at the best.

One morning, while hacking away at the weak spots, the workers were interrupted by a messenger from the king, who came to say that they were to appear immediately at the palace. On arriving, they found a crowd of people gathered around a young man who held in his hand a small round box, scarcely larger than a common saucer. The wondering laborers tried to push their way through the crowd that was increasing every moment.

Presently the king appeared. Then there was order and silence at once; for this monarch won the respect and love of his people, not by reason of his high station, but by his goodness.

The king began to speak. "Listen, my people," said he. "This youth has in his possession a magical instrument, a gift from the good fairy whom you all know so well. It appears small and insignificant, but when properly arranged, will, we think, exert a marvelous power. It is to be used in destroying the giant's tree."

Then the king commanded the young man to open the box. When the lid was removed, there lay exposed to view a curious little instrument, shaped much like a horse-shoe, and made of a wonderful metal, as you will soon see. The inner edge of this horse-shoe was formed into sharp teeth, like a saw.

At sight of this tiny instrument, the people could not suppress their amazement. "What!" they exclaimed, "does the king imagine that the enormous tree can be cut down with a mere toy like this?"

"Wait a moment," spoke up the young man. "Let me show you its magical powers. True, it is very small, but suppose some of you take hold of it with me, and let us see if we cannot stretch it."

At these words, two or three men went doubtfully forward, and taking hold very cautiously with thumb and finger gave a slight pull all together. To their surprise they found that the metal stretched several inches. Then, taking hold more firmly, they pulled with all their might. The fairy horse-shoe expanded till it was three times as large as at first.

Others then took hold, and both men and women helped to stretch the wonderful instrument, till at last they saw, to their delight, that it was large enough to encircle the enchanted tree. It was then taken to the tree and placed around it, when two more remarkable things happened. First, the ends immediately joined themselves together, thus making a complete circle around the tree. Second, as soon as the magic saw was in position, there sprang into sight hundreds, yes, thousands, of little handles shaped like cranks. This was more of the good fairy's work.

Now came the time for the people to do their part. A few men stepped forward and each grasping a handle began to turn the cranks. They were laughed at by some who still believed in using hatchets or axes as the only tools suitable for the purpose.

But the giant did not laugh. As soon as he saw

the magic instrument, he knew it was the invention of the fairy, and that he was doomed to certain defeat.

When the cranks were turned, the magic saw began to move, very slowly at first, and then more rapidly as more workers were added; for as soon as the people saw that turning the cranks caused the saw to move, they began to believe *this* the true way to accomplish their purpose, and many hands grasped the cranks, till there were a great number in motion. More and more joined the cheerful band of workers; faster and faster flew the fairy saw, and by its contracting power, deeper and deeper did it cut into the bark of the tree; and still there was no crowding. New cranks kept appearing as fast as new hands were ready to turn them, so that every one could work who was willing to do so. Men began to leave their pet hatchets and axes to lend a hand at this more hopeful plan.

The giant groaned in despair. Nothing was left for him to do except to throw sticks, stones and great handfuls of mud at the workers. This he did with a vengeance. But the good fairy mounted guard, and whenever a stick or a stone was thrown by the giant, or by one of his slaves, the fairy turned it aside with her magic wand. Sometimes a handful of mud struck its mark in spite of the fairy's wand, but did no harm, as it fell quickly to the ground, leaving not even a stain, and the people worked on more bravely than ever.

For some time the women were not allowed to join in this labor, although they had helped to stretch the fairy horse-shoe. *This* work was not thought suitable for them. But after a time the men began to see how foolish they were to refuse any help that could hasten their success, and cried out with one accord: "Come, sisters, we will all work together for the protection of our homes against the terrible foe."

Gladly they were joined by the host of mothers

sisters, wives and daughters, and now the magic saw fairly flew in its narrowing circle towards the heart of the tree. And soon afterward — hark! what was that crackling, groaning sound?

The tree was coming down at last! “Stand from under!” called a chorus of warning voices. Then a loud “Hurrah! we are free!” And voices for miles around — invalids, little children, and others who could not help in the grand work — caught up the chorus in another moment, and shouted with one accord, “We are free!” For with a great swaying, rustling and crashing, down, down, fell the monster tree, striking the earth with a sound like a peal of thunder.

The terrified giant made his escape as best he could. Pursued by the arrows aimed at him by the triumphant people, he fled for his life, and was never seen in that country again.

What rejoicing there was then! Do you suppose the king or his people mourned the loss of the golden nuts? No, indeed! They were too happy in their release from the oppression of the giant, and were certain of a prosperous future for their country. The king gave a great feast to rich and poor, that lasted seven days. As for the wretched victims of the giant’s cruelty, their chains fell off at one wave of the fairy’s wand, and they returned to their homes, where, according to the old traditions, they lived happily ever after.

Who of you will drop the old hatchet and take a turn at one of those cranks? If everybody who wants to save our country will take hold, it will not be long before *our* enchanted tree is down and our giant vanquished.

A SILHOUETTE SOCIAL.

[In consideration of the fact that the Y's are eager to do their part in the building of the Temperance Temple, the following sketch has been prepared, in the hope that by its means some bricks may be added to that noble structure.

In preparing for such an entertainment, each union must decide for itself whether invitations or tickets shall be used for the social. The former method may seem to some the better one, and in that case the wording of the invitation should be as follows:



SILHOUETTE OF THE TEMPERANCE TEMPLE.

*The pleasure of your company is re-
quested at a
Silhouette Social
in the interest of
The Temperance Temple.*

This will suggest a collection, during the evening. But, whatever be the form, each card should bear a little silhouette of the Temple. The committee on invitations can make these from the model given above, or they may be obtained, with or without the printed form, at \$1.25 per hundred, from the W. T. P. A., 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

The place of holding the social having been decided, there falls to the lot of the committee of arrangements the important duty of stretching a sheet, or large piece of muslin, across one end of the room—or back of folding doors—so that two or three shadow pantomimes may be given. Unless the sheet is arranged back of doors which can be opened and shut a curtain is necessary. This should pull easily, or fall, as occasion requires. A large lamp should be placed on a table, back of the sheet, at such a distance that the shadows of those standing close to the sheet on the inner side are sharply defined and of correct proportion, as seen by those on the outer side of the sheet.

Some chairs must be arranged on the outside, near the curtain, for the Silhouette Singers. The Y's composing this chorus should wear black dresses, with white kerchiefs tied in front with a bow of white ribbon, having very long loops and ends. A little cap of white with the letters Y. W. C. T. U. on it in black, may be worn if desired. When the chorus is seated, the leader announces the first number of the program.]

A SHADOW SONG.

Air—"A Roving."

We welcome you, our many friends,
 Mark well what we do say,
 We welcome you, our many friends,
 And show to each one who attends,
 A fleeting group of silhouettes and shadows gray.

CHORUS:—

Of shadows, of shadows, of shadows vanish-ing-i-ing;
 A fleeting group of silhouettes and shadows gray.

But lest you think our work is naught
 But shadows, we would say
 It has a substance of its own,
 A hint of which will now be shown
 In fleeting group of silhouettes and shadows gray.

CHORUS:—(Repeat softly.)

[At the close of the song the lights are lowered and the leader announces]

A WHITE RIBBON BALLAD.

[One of the Chorus arises and recites.]

In a city that is nameless,
Once there dwelt a certain dame
Gifted with a gracious manner,
And possessed of social fame.

Everybody claimed her presence
At the dinner, lunch or tea,
Where'er fashion beckoned blithely,
Mrs. Brown was sure to be.

Always gay and bright and smiling,
No one ever dreamed that she
Haunted was in many moments
By a longing none did see.

Yes—she had a certain failing,
To one thought her heart did cling;
Briefly, then,—she wore her life out
Striving for the “latest thing.”

Was it mode of dress or manner,
Was it way of word or speech,
Was it fancy work or china,
Always she the style must reach.

[At this point in the reading the signal is given for the curtain to rise, and the shadow of *Mrs. Brown* in profile is seen. She is seated before a table on which are piles of books and magazines, a tall vase or two, a basket of fancy work, etc. A china pug dog stands by her side.]

Hours and hours she spent perusing
Book of art, or fashion's page,
Welcoming each new idea
Labeled as the “greatest rage.”

[During the reading of this verse Mrs. Brown is engaged in searching eagerly for something in one of the books. She shakes her head sadly, as if unable to find it, and lays the book aside for another, in which she seems to discover what she desires. She clasps her hands ecstatically as the curtain falls. After a few minutes, during which the table is transformed into a dressing-bureau, by throwing a shawl over it and adding a box to look like a cushion, etc., and an old box lid placed on end to resemble a mirror, the curtain rises and the reader continues.]

So it was a cause for wonder
When one morning, quite surprised,
Standing there before her mirror.
Mrs. Brown soliloquized.

“ I would like to know the meaning
Of the little knot of white
That I’ve seen so many wearing,
Quite as if *the* thing—yes—quite—

“ I’d have seen it stated somewhere,
If it were the thing to do.
Well, it surely is the fashion,
So I must adopt it too.

(Mrs. Brown, after a little hesitation, pins on a bow of ribbon, and looks in the mirror with a self-satisfied air.)

“ There! why—it is quite becoming,
How it freshens up my gown!
Is the carriage ready, Ellen?
Very well, I’m coming down.”

[At the third line of this verse the shadow of a maid appears. She helps Mrs. Brown with her wraps, gives her a muff, and apparently opens a door for her to pass out; then the curtain falls.]

So unto a lengthy luncheon
Mrs. Brown thus sped away,
And throughout the whole occasion
Was the gayest of the gay.

[The curtain rises, showing Mrs. Brown seated at a small lunch table, with another lady opposite her and one just beyond. They talk and laugh in pantomime. A waiter stands at the side of Mrs. Brown.]

Once she thought she saw the waiter
Studying her with puzzled air,
But 'twas only for a moment,
He was too well bred to stare.

He, however, hesitated
As he filled her glass with wine,
For *he* knew the ribbon's meaning
And expected fitting sign.

As none came, he filled it slowly,
Sadly, as if in a dream—
Puzzling o'er the ancient problem
Why things are not what they seem.

[The waiter's movements are in accordance with the above words, and the curtain falls upon Mrs. Brown holding up her glass as if admiring the color of the wine. When the curtain rises again, Mrs. Brown is seated in her own room. There enters another lady whom she greets most cordially, insisting that she shall lay aside her wraps and be seated in an easy chair.]

"Well, my dear, you are a stranger,"
Said our heroine one day,
As she greeted with effusion,
Her acquaintance, Mrs. Grey.

"Tell me all the latest items!
Wait—though—something I must know;
Is there any latent reason
One should wear this little bow?

"I acknowledge that it's pretty,
Really quite a dainty touch
To a costume—yes, *you* wear it—
But why is it worn so much?"

“Reason?” Mrs. Grey but echoed,
 —There was so much to allege,—
 “Don’t you know it stands for *Temperance*?
 ’Tis the token of our pledge!”

Then for once in her existence
 Mrs. Brown was speechless quite,
 Gazing with an earnest aspect
 At the knot of ribbon white.

[She takes ribbon from her dressing-table and looks at it earnestly.]

Mrs. Grey explained and argued,
 Urged the need so vast and grave,
 Finally with much decision,
 Mrs. Brown her verdict gave.

[Mrs. Brown throws down the ribbon and listens while Mrs. Grey, drawing her chair nearer, explains and persuades. At last Mrs. Brown takes up the ribbon and fastens it on with a gesture of determination.]

“I will stand then by my colors,
 Though ’twill often be a fight;
 Once I wore the knot for fashion,
 Now—I’ll wear it for the *right*!”

[NOTE—The above ballad is founded on fact, being an incident heard by a friend and told to me. I owe it to the original Mrs. Brown, of whose true name I am ignorant, to state that she was not thus given over to fashion, but was simply uninformed as to the meaning of the white ribbon, and adopted it at first because she thought it pretty.]

Reading.—

THE MISSION OF THE WHITE RIBBON.

The pale, white face of Faith Moreland rested among the pillows of her hammock-chair. Her slender form was wrapped in a light blue worsted shawl, from among whose folds floated the little white ribbon which Faith always wore, an emblem of her devotion to the temperance cause.

Her Eastern home and circle spoke of her as their "bright light," and sighed to note the slowly wasting form and hectic flush. The doctor ordered a change of climate, and she had journeyed with her mother to Colorado. In the mining district they sought health, and each day the rough miners saw her resting there, upon the stoop, and as they became acquainted with her, they, too, gave her the name of their "sunlight," she was so cheerful and happy, even in her sufferings.

On the morning of which we speak, Faith was watching four of these young men going to their work,—full of strength, hope and ambition; they seemed so strong, she so weak.

"Do you think, mother, I could do anything to show my thanks to these young men for all their kindness to me? They seldom go past without leaving me some flower or specimen of rare stone to interest and divert me. What surprises me is to find them so well educated. At first glance you would call them rough, hard men, but theirs is a true refinement; they are not uncultivated, and I wish I was able to do something that would be of service to them after I am gone." She took up the white ribbon tenderly, and said no more, but her heart was stirred with a grand, noble purpose,—a wish, a desire, a determination, to help these new-found friends.

On to their work passed the four young miners. Soon they joined the other five that comprised the company who twice a day exchanged greetings with Faith and her mother. As they came up, Wellman was saying:

"My curiosity is getting the best of me; I know that white ribbon has a meaning. It is no trivial, school-girl fancy of hers to wear it day after day. I'll give my day's earnings to the fellow who has the courage to ask her outright what it stands for."

"So will I," spoke up another.

"Reckon my wages in also," said a third.

"I don't want your money, boys, but I'll ask her this very night if you will come with me." So it was agreed that Marcus Grovner should speak for them.

So intent was Faith upon her temperance work that she spent the day planning how she could induce them to sign the pledge.

"How can I ask them? I have never seen them rude or intemperate in any way. I may offend them, but, oh! I so long to have their solemn promise to become temperance workers. They could do so much good in this wild country by their example and their lives. I will have my box of white ribbon close beside me in case the way opens."

At sundown the way did open. Marcus Grovner stopped before her on his way from the mine (the others were close by), and said without delay,

"Miss Moreland, will you tell us why you always wear that white ribbon tied in your dress? We all want to know, because we are sure it has a meaning."

Oh! how the light came in the poor girl's eyes. She scanned the faces of those nine young men, and sent up a silent prayer that she might make the most of this long-wished for and golden opportunity.

"It has a deep, grand meaning—one that we hope will bring sunlight into many homes now dark and drear. It means freedom from intemperance; nobler women, nobler men. It is a little emblem, but it stands for much. Through the working of this band we hope to elevate the moral tone of society for the coming generation. I have longed to talk with you about this, and to ask you, for the sake of the homes you love, and those you will some day make for yourselves, to sign the pledge, to keep the pledge for your manhood's sake, and to wear the white ribbon in remembrance of me."

The miners exchanged glances, and of one accord drew around the sick girl.

"We are ready, aye, anxious to do this. Your

gentleness and kindness remind us of our far-away loved ones,—mothers and sisters—whom we have left to seek our fortunes in this mining country. We have known what it is to live among refined, educated people. You came just in time to save us from the roughness and recklessness that belong to a miner's life. We were growing careless of speech and example. Your presence has brought us to our senses, and we are ready to pledge ourselves to manliness, temperance and a life of integrity. We came here from homes of refinement, our return to them shall cause no blush of shame."

One by one, in a scholarly hand, they signed the pledge which Faith wrote tremblingly,—partly from weakness, but more from joy. Feeling instinctively that they would be pleased, she tied the white ribbon in the buttonhole of their rough garments. What mattered it if the ribbon grew dingy, the purpose had entered their hearts, and they had manhood enough to push it. What wonder that Faith's face was flushed and radiant, as holding in her hand the day's wages of these four men, to be used in furthering the temperance cause, she murmured.

"God ble-s the white ribbon."

Recitation.—

OUR BADGE.

It is only a knot of ribbon white,
As white and as pure as the snow;
It shines and gleams like a beacon light
In the world's dark valley of woe.

It is worn o'er many a loyal heart,
O'er hearts that are good and true,
To help the sinning away from the dark,
And give them a life anew.

All over the earth, from south to north,
From the east to the golden west,

It whispers of woman's sterling worth
As it trembles upon her breast.

It tells of a purpose staunch and firm,
Of a purpose holy and pure;
It tells of a victory that shall come
If the strong hearts still endure.

It is only a bow of ribbon white,
But it shines in every land;
It shines as an emblem of the right
In the woman's Christian band.

On the rich and poor, on the young and old,
This badge of love we see,
And its snowy sheen is the key of gold
That shall unlock liberty.

It silently speaks of the sweetest praise
That ever a poet sung:
It is ushering in the better days,
And the victory sure to come.

Song.—

Y. W. C. T. U.

Air:—"It's a way we have at old Harvard."

We'll always remember each other,
We'll always remember each other,
We'll always remember each other,
Y. W. C. T. U.

CHO.—Y. W. C. T. U.
Y. W. C. T. U.

We'll always remember each other,
Y. W. C. T. U.

We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 We'll loyally wear the white ribbon,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHO.—Y. W. C. T. U., etc.
 We'll loyally wear the white ribbon, etc.

We mean to secure prohibition,
 We mean to secure prohibition,
 We mean to secure prohibition,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHO.—Y. W. C. T. U., etc.

We'll never give up till we conquer,
 We'll never give up till we conquer,
 We'll never give up till we conquer,
 Y. W. C. T. U.

CHO.—Y. W. C. T. U., etc.

[This song should be sung in a very spirited manner, and with a ring that will inspire the audience with enthusiasm for the Y. W. C. T. U.]

Shadow Pantomime—

A TEMPERANCE MAID.

Air:—"The Annex Maid."

[The curtain rises, showing a maiden in out-door costume walking along. She is met by a gentleman, who raises his hat most politely just as the song begins. The song should be sung by one member of the Silhouette singers, the rest joining in the chorus.]

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

CHO.—Y-W-C-T. U.

"I'm going to meeting, Sir," she said,
 "For I am a temperance maiden."

CHO.—Y-W-C-T. U.
 Y-W-C-T. U.

"I'm going to meeting, Sir," she said,
"For I am a temperance maiden."

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.

"If you'll sign the temperance pledge," she said,
"And vote for Prohibition."

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.
Y—W—C—T. U.

"If you'll sign the temperance pledge," she said,
"And vote for Prohibition."

"What will reward me, my pretty maid,"

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.

"Your conscience will tell you, Sir," she said,
"That you've done a fitting duty."

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.
Y—W—C—T. U.

"Your conscience will tell you, Sir," she said,
"That you've done a fitting duty."

"What will *you* give me, my pretty maid?"

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.

"A piece of white ribbon, Sir," she said,
"A place in my autograph album."

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.
Y—W—C—T. U.

"A piece of white ribbon, Sir," she said,
"A place in my autograph album."

"I see you're in earnest, my pretty maid,"

CHO.—Y—W—C—T. U.

"So I'll take the white ribbon, now," he said,
"And a place in your autograph album."

CHO.—Y-W-C-T. U.
Y-W-C-T. U.

“So I’ll take the white ribbon, now,” he said,
“And a place in your autograph album.”

[In the second verse of the song the gentleman turns away as if considering the matter; in the third he makes a gesture of persuasion, and nods his head gravely in agreement with the maiden’s answer. In the fourth verse she produces a piece of white ribbon and a pledge-book. In the fifth he signs it, and she ties on the ribbon just as the curtain falls. The whole success of the pantomime depends, of course, on the expression put in the gestures. In singing the chorus, the letters Y. W. and C., must be given the time of two notes.]

Song—

THE BETTER PLAN.

Air:—“Comin’ Thro’ the Rye.”

If a body meet a body,
Who won’t sign the pledge,
Shall a body wound a body
With contempt’s cold edge?
Should not that same body rather
Strenuously try
To show the other body that he’d
Better join the Y?

If a body meet a body,
Who at temperance jeers;
Shall a body box a body,
On a body’s ears?
Would it not be better rather
The jeering to pass by,
The while the body sayeth sweetly.
“Come and join our Y?”

Well, the time is coming surely
When a body’ll see
That a temperance pledge is something
Made to set one free.

And there'll be no need for workers
 Furthermore to try—
 For everybody'll be a member
 Of a temp'rance Y.

[The last part of the program consists of a series of shadows illustrating some of Shakespeare's words. The audience may be asked to guess the quotation corresponding to the pantomime. The shadows are as follows:]

I. A shadow flits across the sheet to represent
 "Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."

II. A gentleman steps outside the curtain and
 spars with the shadow seen on the white, to show that
 "He will fence with his own shadow."

III. The gentleman walks slowly across in front
 of the sheet while the shadow limps after him to illus-
 trate "So far this shadow doth limp behind the sub-
 stance."

CHORUS OF SILHOUETTE SINGERS.

Air:—"Clementine."

Prohibition is the substance,
 And High License is the shade,
 Limping always in its efforts,
 Howsoe'er it be essayed.

CHORUS.—"No High License," "No High License,"
 Is the watchword of our war.
 Give us always Prohibition
 Prohibition—evermore.

Safe and sure is Prohibition,
 But High License is a snare.
 Give us always Prohibition,
 Prohibition—everywhere.—CHO.

IV. A long letter "I," made of brown paper, is pinned on the inner side of the sheet, and about it smaller letters to form the word *Her*. Other letters, to make the word *Myself*, are pinned across the "I," so that the whole reads, "The shadow of myself formed in her eye."

V. Two shadows appear, and, linking arms, walk away, giving, "We'll yoke together like a double shadow."

VI. The shadow of the Temperance Temple appears. To obtain this the shape of the Temple must be cut from paper, with little places cut out for the windows. This is pinned on the sheet and the quotation as to words and author must be guessed. The author is Campbell and the quotation is, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

[Just here is the place for the leader's plea for the Temperance Temple. Mrs. Carse's leaflets will give all necessary information on this subject, and as long a talk can be given as time will permit. Write to Mrs. T. B. Carse, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., inclosing stamps, for her last annual report, and Miss Willard's Monthly Reading for May.]

Recitation.—

THE TEMPERANCE TEMPLE.

Oh, fair is the vision that greets me,
As my eyes pierce futurity's veil,
Of a Temple whose wonderful beauty
Oustrivals antiquity's tale.

Its walls are of marble the whitest,
Symbolic of purposes pure,
And the grandest of human endeavors
In its massive proportions endure.

Each statue so proudly uprising,
Each beautiful fresco of art,
Embodies a sacrifice noble,
From many a womanly heart.

America's women are praying
For the day when their eyes shall behold
The glorious Temperance Temple,
In its wonderful beauty unfold.

[As a hint of what is to follow, there can now be shown the shadow of a collection-basket; or the word "collection" may be made to appear by pinning to the sheet a newspaper in which the letters forming this word have been cut out.

The program is arranged to fill only a part of the evening. The rest of the time may be devoted to silhouette cutting and to "Dissected Silhouettes."

Get some artistic member to cut from black paper the Silhouettes of those present. This will create a great deal of amusement, and the cuttings may be sold for the benefit of the work.

For "Dissected Silhouettes," make a number of Silhouettes of the Temple of the same size. Make them of stiff cardboard, and then cut them into small pieces, using the same method of division for each one. Put these into envelopes and give one to each guest who, at a given signal, shall strive to be the first to put the pieces together in proper form.

(This idea is taken from *Our Youth*, published by Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York. For further details send to this firm ten cents in stamps, for numbers six and nine of volume five.)

Do *not* have any prizes. Let the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union strive to bring back the good old order of affairs, where prizes were not considered necessary for an evening's enjoyment. If refreshments are served, wooden plaques decorated with little Silhouettes may be used.

In changing the program from shadows to songs, there will have to be a change in the light in the room, but this can be arranged by having the singers seated near a tall lamp or gaslight, which can be turned up or down, to suit the needs of the case.]

THE TEMPLE FOR TEMPERANCE BUILT.

A Collection Dialogue for the Temperance Temple.

[The children should come upon the stage separately and stand side by side.]

1st child. (Showing picture of Temple.)

This is the Temple for Temperance built.

2d. (Carrying banner with letters, "Nat'l W. C. T. U.")

These are the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

3d. (Carrying banner with motto, "For God and Home and Native Land.")

This is the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

4th. (Carrying baton tied with white ribbon.)

This is the badge that is worn with the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

5th. (Carrying banner with words, "Total Abstinence, Prohibition.")

This is the flag that floats o'er the badge that is worn with the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

6th. (Showing Miss Willard's picture.)

This is the leader who leads the hosts 'neath the flag that floats o'er the badge that is worn with the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

7th. (Carrying banner on which are pictures of our prominent workers.)

These are the people all true to the leader who leads the hosts 'neath the flag that floats o'er the badge that is worn with the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

8th. (Carrying shield on which are painted dollar marks.)

These are the dollars raised by the people all true to the leader who leads the hosts 'neath the flag that floats o'er the badge that is worn with the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

Enter four little girls carrying white-ribboned baskets; they separate, two standing at each end of the line — then they repeat in concert:

These are the baskets that wait for *your* gifts to add to the dollars raised by the people all true to the leader who leads the hosts' neath the flag that floats o'er the badge that is worn with the motto beloved by the folks who belong to the Temple for Temperance built.

All repeat in concert:

“And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offerings to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation.”

(The first eight children retire, while the four girls pass through the audience with their baskets.)

—*The Young Crusader.*



MISTRESS MARY AND HER FLOWER GARDEN

[Eleven maidens are chosen to represent the following flowers — Pansy, Lily, Peach-blossom, Sunflower, Daisy, Forget-me-not, Apple-blossom, Nasturtium, Rose and Gladiolus. Their shape and color are shown by the large tissue-paper head-dresses from which the faces of the girls peep forth. The flowers are arranged in a row back of a fence or railing covered with vines, and as the curtain rises they sing:]

[Air — “Mistress Mary.”]

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle shells,
And Flower-maids, all in a row, row, row.

[This is sung three times. During the second singing, the BELLS, ten in number, enter the stage from one side while the ten SHELLS enter from the other. They group themselves on their respective sides, and at the third singing of the verse Mistress Mary enters, carrying a basket of flowers on her arm. She passes in front of the Flowers, and as soon as the song ceases steps forward and speaks as follows:]

Mistress Mary —

You are welcome, kind friends, to my garden,
This realm of which history tells;
A welcome three-fold is here given
From my Maids, and my Bells, and my Shells.

[Mistress Mary indicates each with a gesture, and in response the Flowers bend their heads slightly, the Bells tinkle softly the little bells that they carry in their hands, and the Shells make a low murmur which comes, apparently, from the large shells they hold.]

Are you wondering, though, friendly hearers,
That such a fair spot as you spy
Should belong to one known as “contrary”?
Let me tell you the reason, and why.

“Contrary” — yes, that is the title
 That all through these years I have borne,
 While on me the eyes of the children
 Have looked in a wondering scorn.

It is sad, yet I think I can offer
 A reason your judgment to span.
 Contrary in my case means — *adverse*,
 And such I confess that I am.

Adverse to that Giant Intemperance
 Who waits for the children of men;
 When I see him so cruel and crafty,
 Can I help being contrary then?

When I gaze on his helmet marked “License,”
 That dazzles again and again,
 Be its value one cent or one million —
 Can I help being contrary then?

Think well of my title, I beg you,
 Consider this giant in view,
 Having learned of this great why and wherefore,
 Won't *you* come and be contrary too?

Chorus of Flowers —

[Air — “Mistress Mary.”]

Join our Mary, thus contrary,
 Turned against the foe —
 With silver bells and cockle shells
 And Flower-maids all in a row, row, row.

Join our Mary, thus contrary,
 Turned against the foe —
 With silver bells and cockle shells
 And Flower-maids all in a row!

Mary continues —

I assure you that if you will join me
 You'll not be alone or despised,

For such contrary maids are now many,
And are honored by being called Y's.

In the broad-stretching field of our Union
They are gaining in strength and in power,
And to show forth their growth and their language
Each state has selected a flower.

Massachusetts has chosen the *Pansy*,
Virginia, the *Lily* of white;
The *Peach-blossom*, promise of fruitage,
Little Delaware claims as her right.

In Kansas the *Sunflower* is gleaming,
A *Daisy* Columbia brings,
While Connecticut's choice, like her river,
Is *Forget-me-not*, bluest of things.

Pennsylvania — our honored old Keystone —
Her members and strength daily grow;
Gladiolus the flower she has chosen,
With its language, "Our face to the foe."

Apple-blossoms from Oregon greet us;
Ohio *Nasturtium* shows;
While New York, from her wealth of resources,
Has chosen the blossoming *Rose*.

[As Mistress Mary names the Flowers, they bend their heads
in response to their names. The words should be given very
slowly, so that each Flower will have a chance to respond.]

Such the flowers that are growing up blithely
In my garden so famous and fair,
Each blossom unfolding its beauty
In the *temperance* sunshine and air.

But we must not forget in this garden
The Bells of a silvery sheen,
Or the Shells, where the voice of the ocean
Is hushed in a murmuring dream.

From the spires of high purpose and effort
 Come the silvery tones of the bells.
 From the depths of the tide of endeavor,
 Come the answering tones of the shells.

[The Bells respond as before by a soft ringing, and the Shells murmur low.]

Song by Flowers —

[Air — “Spanish Guitar.”]

All over this country of freedom
 The Y’s now are ringing the bells;
 From the White Ribbon host that is gathered,
 A glorious melody swells.

CHORUS (*with bell accompaniment*).

Ring-a-ling-ling, ring-a-ling-ling!
 Ring out, ye bells,
 Oh, ring out, ye bells! Oh, ring out, ye bells!
 Ring-a-ling-ling, ring-a-ling-ling!
 Ring out, ye bells!
 Oh! ring out, ye temperance bells!

[The Bells cease and the Flowers repeat softly the air of chorus with the following words, while the Shells murmur in accompaniment. They should not murmur the air, but all should hum on a low note.]

Murmuring, murmuring —
 List to the Shells,
 Oh, list to the Shells, oh, list to the Shells;
 Murmuring, murmuring,
 List to the Shells,
 Oh, list to the echoing shells.

The North and the South are united
 And stand in this work hand in hand,
 To see that the error be righted,
 And the enemy sent from the land.—CHORUS.

The chorus is pealing out grandly,
 But we need every nation and clime

To help in this temperance ringing,
And join in this temperance chime.—CHORUS.

All ye here who list to our singing,
To join us at once we invite.
Come, help in our temperance ringing,
Don't wait, but begin now, to-night.—CHORUS.

Mistress Mary continues —

From the high vantage ground of my garden,
Strange visions have sometimes been mine;
'Tis the task of the Flowers to embody
Such visions in suitable rhyme.

Song by Flowers —

[Air — "Maid of York Beach."]

Oh, some time ago, I remember it well,
Ting, ting,
There lived in a belfry a silent old bell —
Ting, ting.
The sexton did pull and the sexton did shake,
But never a sound did that gloomy bell make!
Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting,
ting, ting.

The sexton gave up, and the people then tried,
Ting, ting,
But their most urgent tugging the old bell denied,
Ting, ting.
So they sat themselves down in great sorrow and
pain,
Forced sadly to say that their work was in vain,
Ting, ting, ting, etc.

While sitting thus solemnly round in a row,
Ting, ting,
A thrill of astonishment through them did go,
Ting, ting,

For a wee little maiden who sat them among,
Cried out, "Poor old bell, why, you have n't a
tongue!"

Ting, ting, etc.

The wonder then was that the fact had been hid,

Ting, ting,

But it wanted a clapper, it certainly did,

Ting, ting,

And before the dark shades of the evening fell,

There rang on the air the sweet notes of that bell,

Ting, ting, etc.

And the moral is now to all workers addressed,

Ting, ting,

Over obstinate silence be never depressed,

Ting, ting,

Don't mourn over people who've nothing to say,

Perhaps they would speak if you showed them the
way,

Ting, ting etc.

[This song should be given as a solo, if possible. At the ting, ting, after the first two lines, one of the Bells should tinkle her bell, and in the last ting, ting, etc., all should ring their bells.

Mistress Mary continues —

Still another — this picture is brought us

By the Shells from their home in the spray;

Will you listen to what they would tell us

If voices were given to say?

Song by Flowers —

[Air — "My Bonnie."]

Each life is a boat on an ocean,

Each life is a boat on a sea,

Where the surge-covered rocks ever menace,

And no one from danger is free.

CHORUS.—No one, no one,
 No one from danger is free, is free,
 No one, no one,
 No one from danger is free.

[The chorus is repeated softly, the Shells murmuring in accompaniment.]

But out of the darkness that threatens
 Each vessel that sails o'er the sea,
 A light-house of temp'rance is standing,
 A guide for the sailor to be.—CHORUS.

Shine out, shine out,
 Ye temperance lights o'er the sea,
 Shine out, shine out,
 Ye temperance lights o'er the sea.—CHORUS.

Be saved, we beseech, by this gleaming,
 By these rays that shine over the sea,
 And bear on your pennons the watchword,
 "For God and the home of the free."

CHORUS.—Work on, work on,
 For God and the home of the free.
 Work on, work on,
 For God and the home of the free.

Mistress Mary Continues—

One more picture and then we must leave you,
 Yet a word, ere we sing our last song:
 Once more we invite you to join us,
 And stand out adverse to the wrong.

Adverse to the Giant Intemperance,
 Who waits for the children of men.
 When you know of the future that's coming,
 Well—you'll have to be contrary then.

Song by Flowers—

[Air—"Mrs. Brady's Daughter."]
 There is devising
 And slowly rising

By public sentiment, a steeple round,
 Wherein most surely
 Shall hang securely
 A bell which giveth no uncertain sound.

CHORUS.—This is its mission,
 For Prohibition
 To ring forever, to ring alway —
 And scores of people
 Will see that steeple,
 And live to hear the music of that day.

Each word of beauty,
 Each deed of duty,
 Is helping raise this steeple toward the sky.
 And lawful power
 Will bring the hour
 When the bell shall peal the mighty victory nigh.

[Chorus in which the bells ring. At its close all join in closing song. Air—“Mistress Mary.”]

Fare ye well, then, all ye kind friends,
 Forward we must go,
 With Temperance Bells and Temperance Shells,
 And Temperance Maids in a row, row, row.

[At the repetition of this verse the Bells and Shells, headed by Mistress Mary, march out—crossing and winding in and out as they go. The Flowers remain in place and repeat the song until the march is finished and the curtain falls.]

SUGGESTIONS.

The above entertainment may be used as an addition to the entertainment, “An Hour with Mother Goose,” or to a series of shadow pantomimes arranged from the “Temperance Mother Goose,” or it may be made one of the features of a Mother Goose bazaar.

Mistress Mary should wear a pale green or a pure white dress, and should have a large hat, either wearing it or hanging it by ribbons on her arm.

The Shells and Bells should be dressed in white, the former with tissue-paper sea-weed arranged on their dresses, the latter being adorned with little silver bells.

The flower-pieces are made upon wire or paste-board, to which are attached the petals wired into proper shape.

(Any unions wishing to rent such head-pieces may do so for the sum of two dollars and expressage, by applying to Miss Anna Hoopes, 912 West Tenth St., Wilmington, Delaware.)

The flowers chosen are such as can be made most easily in this way. If other flowers are desired, appropriate words may be added by Mistress Mary.

If the platform is large enough to hold a longer row of flowers, some of them may be duplicated, and there may be two pansies, two daisies and two apple-blossoms.

BOOKS REQUIRED.

[The music and any other needed books may be obtained of the W. T. P. A., 161 La Salle St.]

YE HATCHET PARTIE.

Students' Songs—50 cents.

Band of Hope Songs—10 cents.

A SILHOUETTE SOCIAL.

College Songs—50 cents.

Students' Songs. (See above.)

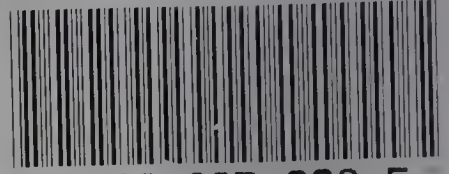
MISTRESS MARY AND HER FLOWER GARDEN.

Quadrilles and Country Dances set to Nursery Rhymes—25 cents.

Mrs. Brady's Daughter—35 cents.

Students' Songs. (See above.)

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